The Liberalist

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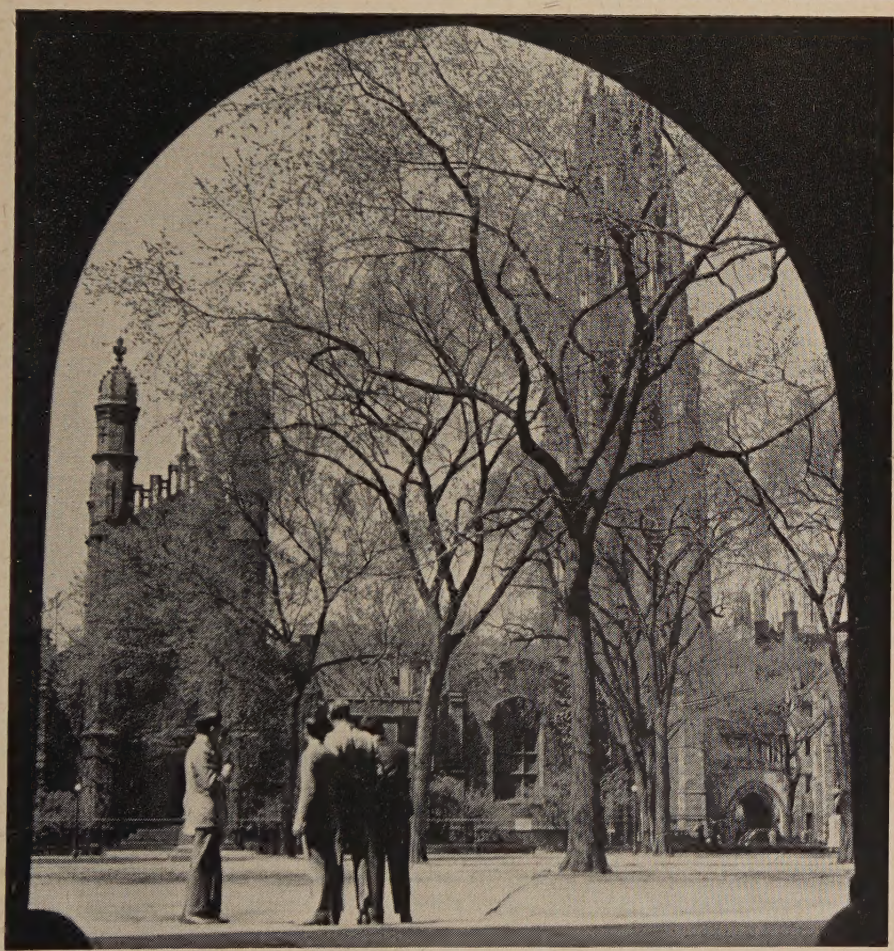
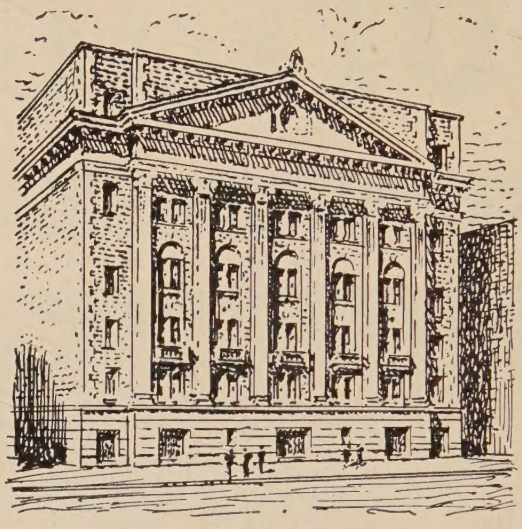


BUILDING —*Ella Wheeler Wilcox*

Upon the wreckage of thy yesterday
Design thy structure of tomorrow. Lay
Strong cornerstones of purpose, and prepare
Great blocks of wisdom cut from past despair.
Shape mighty pillars of resolve, to set
Deep in the tear-wet mortar of regret.
Believe in God—in thine own self believe,
All thou hast hoped for thou shalt yet achieve.



THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

Lawrence Ave. at Sheridan Road

This Church was founded July 7, 1912, as a liberal independent church. It united with the American Unitarian Association, Western Unitarian Conference and National Federation of Religious Liberals in 1923. Property purchased for new building 1924. Ground broken June 14, 1925. Corner stone laid November 15, 1925. Church dedicated October 10, 1926. Preston Bradley has been the Pastor from the beginning of the Church.

Declaration of Principles

"The purpose of the church is to deal in plain terms with the supreme things in human life as measured by the rational conclusions of science and history. It seeks to promote a conception of nature, history and the meaning of life in accordance with the facts of experience and with the progress of growing knowledge. It is essentially religious, not in the traditional but in the scientific and ethical sense of the word. It regards religion as spiritual energy directing itself toward the enrichment of the individual life and the perfection of the social order. This church assumes the right of every one to think his or her own thoughts, and expects the greatest progress to follow from entire intellectual liberty and perfect freedom of judgment. It welcomes to its membership all who wish to co-operate in making a world which shall be enlightened by knowledge, guided by reason and animated by good-will."

Dr. Bradley's Books

"NEW WEALTH FOR YOU"—$1.00
"MEDITATIONS" and "MY DAILY STRENGTH"

Other Books by Dr. Bradley

"Mastering Fear" "Courage For Today" "Life and You"
"Power From Right Thinking"

ALONG THE WAY

By DR. PRESTON BRADLEY

Mid-Atlantic
August, 1954

THIS month's article is being written in my stateroom on the fastest, safest and most luxurious ship afloat in any ocean—the S. S. "United States." June and I saw her leave New York in 1952 on her maiden voyage. We stood at the Battery in New York City and saw her proudly and majestically wend her way by the Statue of Liberty for her first Atlantic crossing. As she steamed slowly past us every tug and steamship in New York was giving her a noisy salute and above them all could be heard the deep vibrant voice of her own siren. As we watched with admiration and pride, that American skill, genius and workmanship could produce such a noble ship, little did I think I should ever be a passenger on her. But we both expressed a desire that some day we might cross the Atlantic on her. I am having that opportunity and I shall never be satisfied until June, too will some day have the experience.

I could devote the entire space to telling you about this ship. Remembering the many times I have crossed the Atlantic in all kinds of ships, I recall how, because it is one's temporary home, each one holds memories and a place in one's affection. I remember each one and they have been many. One may see a ship from a distance or visit one at a pier, but one never really knows a ship until it has been his home. You must share the open sea with it—meet the storms—hear the wind roaring through its masts—stroll on the decks at midnight—watch a golden moon make a path of beauty and watch a million stars from its decks and feel the gentle throb of its engines, as tirelessly they push you on your way through turbulent or quiet waters. Yes, you soon learn to love your ship and a peculiar sense of possessiveness takes possession of you for it ever afterward.

This is true for me from the first ocean-going ship I ever saw and sailed upon, the old "Saturnia," way back in June, 1914. I sailed on her from Montreal to Glasgow. The undying thrill of seeing land on the other side of the world for the first time is never repeated. I remember as though it were this morning when on that long-ago voyage someone at my side, standing at the deck rail said, "There's land!" It was the coast of Donegal, my beloved Ireland, which my grandfather left many years ago, migrating to Canada. I have seen the coast of Ireland many times since and have visited every county in Ireland, but nothing ever has meant to me what that first sight of land did long, long ago. I have stood on the deck beside many people going to Europe for the first time and noted they had a similar reaction. Many times as well I have stood beside people seeing the Statue of Liberty from a ship for the first time and have read in their faces emotions too deep for words. They were coming from Europe to the land which meant hope, a future, security, opportunity and freedom. I am sure they never forget, no matter what life does to them in America, these first moments of looking at the noble lady whose torch is held high above the harbor and whose face is turned toward the Atlantic!

Before these thoughts took possession of my pen, I started to tell you something about the great ship in

which I am writing these words. The S. S. "United States" is 990 feet long and has a beam of 101 feet 6 inches. From the keel to the top of the superstructure is 122 feet, and from the keel to the top of the forward funnel is 175 feet. Her power is provided by steam turbines with four great propellers. Her average speed is 30 knots. You can imagine what that speed means to something which weighs as much as this ship. Roughly, think about going 30 miles an hour in your car and it will give you some idea. She has a gross tonnage of 53,330. She has beds for 2,000 passengers and carries a fine crew of 1,000 people. She is loaded to capacity on this trip and yet her appointments are so spacious there is no feeling of being crowded or congested. In fact, I met Dr. and Mrs. Hoffman, the psychiatrist from Chicago, shortly after leaving Havre, France, and have only seen them twice since. Mr. and Mrs. John P. Wilson are other Chicagoans I have met on board. He is one of Chicago's best known attorneys and they have invited me to have dinner with them tonight. Mrs. Wilson is one of our most faithful radio friends.

The "United States" was started February 8, 1950. She was launched on June 23, 1951 and completed June 20, 1952. She was built by the Newport News Shipbuilding and Dry Dock Co. The naval architects were Gibbs & Co. of New York, and her interior architects were Eggers and Higgins of New York. The interior decorators, whose work must be seen to be properly appreciated, were Smythe, Urquhart and Marchwald, of New York. The Hales Trophy for the Blue Riband of the Atlantic has been awarded the "United States" for new speed records established by the lines on her round-trip maiden voyage from New York to Europe, July 3, 1952, and from Europe on July 10, 1952. She brought the speed record for crossing the Atlantic back to America for the first time in 100 years. On the record voyage her out-going average speed was 35.59 knots per hour and returning to America she made an average speed of 34.51 knots per hour. It makes me a little breathless when I realize what this means on the water. All men connected with the building and sailing of ships agree that our splendid ship is the safest ship ever built. The fire prevention and fire fighting facilities are the last word. Having studied the ship intimately on this, my first trip on her, I am convinced that anything approximating a serious fire is impossible. It has been said, somewhat facetiously, that the only wood on the ship is the butcher's block in the kitchen, and the pianos aboard. I have seen nothing to contradict this statement.

The cabin-class passengers and those in the tourist class have the same high-class service and most comfortable and spacious accommodations. We have had all kinds of weather on this homeward voyage—rain, wind, fog and sunshine, yet the ship has been steady, comfortable, and has behaved like a perfect lady! I hope sometime you will have the experience of being a passenger. You will then realize why I am so enthusiastic for one of the finest results of the shipbuilder's art ever to sail the high seas.

* * *

Last fall when we opened our church year, you may recall I spoke glowingly of the ship which brought us home in 1953. The next day I received a letter which gave me some concern. The writer brought me to task for not travelling on one of our own United States ships. I said some truthful things about another ship which I have

learned to love, for we have crossed the Atlantic twice in the fine ship, the "Mauretania." Had I known the gentleman who wrote the letter to me was in the congregation, I would not have changed one word I said, for it was true then and is true today. The "Mauretania" is one of the most comfortable and happy ships on the Atlantic. I went over on her again last June to Cobh, Ireland. So I take back nothing I said about her, but the writer to me had a justified comment. If we are ever to build the kind of Maritime Fleet which I believe the United States should have, America must give our ships as much encouragement as possible. With our coastline and our international trade, we should have ships flying the Stars and Stripes in every ocean. You can imagine how surprised I was when finishing the letter to learn that the writer was Capt. Manning of the United States Lines and the Captain of the "United States," on her maiden voyage. Little did I realize that one of the most famous ship-captains in the world was in our church at the opening service last year. You never know who may be seated beside you in a congregation of the Peoples Church.

The other evening when the present Captain of the "United States," Commodore John W. Anderson, invited me to his quarters on the Bridge for a get-together before dinner, I told him about Captain Manning's letter. He was much interested and said, "When I come to Chicago, I certainly will be present in the Peoples Church." Capt. Anderson is a very tall, angular, jovial man, who is adored by his entire crew, and has one of the finest records of seamanship. One feels immediately in his presence that the ship is in good hands and that he would be able to meet successfully any challenge of the sea. What men of great character these seamen are!

He told me of many interesting experiences which he has had during a lifetime of trailing the great waters! I shall always appreciate the opportunity of adding one more friendship to my many, of men who carry one of the greatest of this world's responsibilities —taking a ship loaded with 2,000 lives safely across 4,000 miles of water. All honor to them! They are a noble breed!

* * *

This trip I had an unusual honor, for I was invited by the Chief Purser of the "United States" to conduct the service and preach the sermon on Sunday. On the Cunard Line it is the tradition for the Captain to read the Church of England service, with no sermon. Our U.S. Lines always invite visiting clergymen from among the passengers. On the "United States," Roman Catholic passengers and Jewish passengers are always given opportunity for the practice of their religious duties, with passenger priests and rabbis officiating. There are several priests among our passengers, including one Bishop from Bellview, Illinois, with whom I have had some interesting visits. There is also the distinguished Professor of Homiletics of the Jewish Seminary of New York. We have, on several occasions, spoken about our mutual interest in homiletics. He attended my service on Sunday, but again I didn't know until after the service that one of the best known Jewish scholars and a Professor of Homiletics was in my congregation. Rabbi Dr. Goldstein of New York is famous in all Jewry and I have enjoyed him as we have talked about the problems of religion in our upside-down modern world.

The Sunday service at which I preached was held in the spacious and attractive ballroom of the ship at 11 o'clock. Announcements were placed

on the ship bulletin-boards in various parts of the ship. The attendance was gratifying, for the ballroom, seating several hundred, was well-filled. The ship's orchestra furnished the music, the service opening with a beautiful and worshipful orchestral number. The purser then introduced me and I took the service. We had three inspiring old hymns, responsive reading, prayer and an offering, which was given to the Fund for assisting the families of sailors who have lost their lives at sea. Then I preached on "Religion in the Modern World," followed by a hymn and benediction. After the service I lingered in the ballroom for an hour, meeting people who came up to speak to me. They were most kind. They came from all over the United States—north, east, south and west; and some from England, Spain, Cuba and South America. It was probably the most cosmopolitan congregation I have ever had. There was a slight roll of the ship on Sunday, but it was soon forgotten in the beauty of the service and the spirit of worship which prevailed. I would venture that every denomination almost in existence was represented. I had no difficulty meeting that kind of a situation, as my presentation of religion is never in the mold of any sectarian, creedal or dogmatic character. I felt quite at home. It was almost like being in my own beloved pulpit of the Peoples Church. People who identified themselves as belonging in many different churches all said the same thing—"this is the kind of religion we need"—of course the heart of any true religion is the same, no matter what denominational loyalty an adherent may manifest. It was a great honor to be invited to preach on the "United States" and, as always, I trust I brought distinction and credit to our church.

Most Americans do not realize that in the heart of Dublin is one of the most historic and active churches of Liberal Christian and Unitarian religion to be found anywhere in Europe. Most Americans think of Dublin as being wholly Roman Catholic, forgetting that Trinity College, one of the oldest and best colleges, is not a Catholic institution. The First Unitarian Church of Dublin is an influential and historic church. For 44 years the minister has been the Rev. E. Savell Hicks. He and his delightful wife came to Dublin from Bolton, England, many years ago and have myriads of friends in every religion and political party in Ireland. Their picturesque home, "Strawberry Hill," in Dalkey, is one of the most beautiful I have ever visited. It is situated on a hillside overlooking the waters of Dublin Bay. A beautiful hillside garden aglow with exquisite roses was in full bloom when I was there. The portico of their home overlooks the Wicklow Mountains south of Dublin, in County Wicklow, and there is no more lovely view in all Great Britain. This was my fourth visit to the Hicks, the church, and Dublin, and I hope it will not be my last. Preaching in churches which you have often visited is an inspiring experience. I met many old friends in Dublin and made many new friends as well. They are the kindest, most hospitable, gracious and kindly you will find anywhere.

* * *

I landed at Cobh, Ireland, from the "Mauretania" on a cloudy, gloomy morning. The ship does not dock in Cobh but anchors at the mouth of the harbor. From the tender which comes out to take off passengers and baggage (luggage as they speak of it) you get an impressive view of the fine ship —"The Mauretania" — affectionately

known by many as "The Maury." From the deck of the lowly but important tender I looked up the side of the beautiful ship to the bridge. What a lovely and impressive sight! After we landed from the tender at the Cobh dock I was given the courtesy of the Port by the Customs and in ten minutes found myself on a train bound for Dublin. Blarney Castle is nearby but inasmuch as I have kissed the Blarney stone twice and "re-charged it once" as June has said, I did not stop, but went straight through to Dublin. Because I took an earlier train than my Dublin friends thought I could get I arrived unexpectedly, with no one to meet me.

I went immediately to the Gresham Hotel and in another couple of hours was welcomed by my dear friend and colleague, the Rev. E. Savell Hicks and a prominent worker in the Dublin church—Mrs. Saville. They are old and dear friends and they made my Dublin visit very pleasant.

I preached at two services on Sunday. The morning service is the same hour as our own, while the evening preaching service is at 6:30. There is much to be said for the early Sunday evening service. It gives a long Sunday evening after the service is over. In Ireland they have found the early Sunday evening service is much more convenient and satisfactory. I don't know how it would work in Chicago. Our Sunday evening service was at one time 8:00 o'clock, then 7:30 and now it is 7:00. This hour seems to be more convenient for many people, particularly since the coming of so many popular television and radio programs at 9:00 and 10:00. There were fine congregations at both services. The Rev. Hicks conducted both services, leaving me only the responsibility of the sermon, which I always appreciate in an unfamiliar service.

Every time I have been in Ireland recently our United States Ambassador was not in Dublin. Our present Ambassador is William Howard Taft III. He is doing a remarkable piece of work and is a great favorite with the people of Eire. Last year when June and I were in Dublin, Mr. Taft was in America, attending the funeral of his father, Senator Robert Taft. Fortunately, this year he was in Dublin and I had the privilege of meeting him on two occasions and having some interesting conversations with him.

The first occasion was at Trinity College, Dublin, when he officially presented the exhibit "Man's Right to Knowledge and the Free Use Thereof," which Columbia University, New York, had assembled and was presenting to both Queen's University, Belfast, and Trinity College, Dublin.

The exhibit consisted of a series of drawings and quotations from the great leaders of thought through the ages, having to do with freedom of thought and expression. It was most effective and perhaps in a future article I can go more into detail concerning the exhibition. The Librarian of the University presided and introduced our Ambassador, who spoke briefly but impressively on the meaning of man's pursuit of knowledge and the unrestricted right to the free uses thereof. His grandfather, William Howard Taft, who was a Unitarian, would have thoroughly agreed with the thoughts expressed by his grandson. As Ambassador Taft spoke I closed my eyes and I could hear the same tonal qualities of his father's voice. I never knew a son to sound more like a father than our Ambassador sounded like his Senator father. The address was listened to with unusual attention on the part of a distinguished audience of scholars and leaders in Ireland. After the address, as I was speaking to Mr. Taft,

a news-photographer took our pictures together. I am hoping to publish this picture in an early number of The Liberalist.

Trinity College, Dublin, is one of the oldest and best educational institutions in Europe and I was fortunate in having this intimate experience within its historic portals. A few days later the Ambassador gave a garden party at his home in Phoenix Park, one of the loveliest places I have ever seen. As I arrived I was announced by a gentleman attired in traditional attire. As I entered the room, he announced in somewhat stentorian tones—"Dr. Preston Bradley, of Chicago." The Ambassador stood at the head of the receiving line and welcomed me most graciously. He then introduced me to the distinguished guests in the receiving line. As I passed on from one to the other I felt very important, and quite frankly, I enjoyed the experience.

I met the Lord Mayor of Dublin, a congenial, friendly man, who is much beloved; the Archbishop of Ireland; and the Papal Nuncio, Father O'Hara, who by the way is an American citizen. There were many other distinguished guests whom I met and conversed with freely on the spacious lawn of the Ambassador's home.

Mr. Taft has endeared himself to the Irish people. He spent three years as a student among them, of the economic and industrial problems, and has mastered the official language of Eire —the ancient Gaelic. He reads and speaks the language. For one who is neither Irish nor a Roman Catholic, this accomplishment has made a great impression on the Irish people. It was a most educational and unusual experience for me and I am very grateful to our Ambassador to Ireland for including me in the lovely afternoon at his beautiful home.

(*Continued on page 22*)

"WHAT'S THE SCORE?"

SERMON BY DR. PRESTON BRADLEY

Pastor of the Peoples Church of Chicago

Sunday, June 13, 1954

TWO of the most difficult sermons which I ever have to preach in this pulpit are always the first sermon after the summer recess, and the next most difficult is always the closing sermon, the sermon before we separate for the thirteen weeks of our summer interim. These two sermons regularly bring to me a great challenge. And as I have stood in this pulpit for so many years, in probably the most critical, crucial and formative period of human history, I have had to face the challenge through these years of attempting to be adequately aware of what is happening in the world, and the challenge of doing my best to interpret what is happening against the background of the heart and soul of humanity, for somehow or other it always has been the main thesis of my life to think in terms of humanity!

People, to me, are the most important things in the whole world; people are vastly more important than governments; they're more important than nations; they're more important than science; they're more important than anything which we can comprehend!

The very highest expression of the whole evolutionary process of life is the human personality. Nothing is more important; nothing is greater than YOU! The human personality is

the highest expression of the whole evolving, creative principle of life.

Therefore, when one feels that that human personality is in jeopardy, that power and might and national ambition and programs which have to do with great areas are more important than the people who compose the background of every situation and every problem, I begin to ask myself the old question, in the vernacular: "What's the score?" Where are we in the game of history? Where are we in the game of life? Dare we face our contemporary world and make a proper evaluation of it, so that, as individuals who are in it, we can make the highest contribution to the decline of its torture?

Those of us who remember the coming of the century as I do, in 1900, when the Twentieth Century was born, remember that there was never an element of doubt about one thing, and that was the inevitability of progress! It was a very common belief that nothing could interfere with progress; that man was *always* on the march toward a high destiny! Some of us were following, very much, the philosophy of men like Herbert Spencer, and some of the philosophy of other thinkers of the era and the era which just preceded that era, in feeling that we were inevitably going forward and onward!

Some of us have been compelled by the events of these last forty years to bring a new evaluation to such an understanding and an interpretation of history! Some of us have never relinquished the basic and fundamental imperative of our ministry or our preaching: that man has a high destiny, that the individual in the society is the most important factor involved; that human life is a sacred thing; that the most valuable thing in the world is the human soul! Some of us have never doubted that, and some of us never will! But some of us have been compelled, by historical events and the processes in the evolution of society, to find out if we are making the fullest emphasis and the fullest contribution against the background of our own frame. So we're asking ourselves: "What is the score of this situation?"

When I was a lad in high school nobody doubted the ultimate triumph of the democratic processes; we never had a shadow of doubt but what America and the philosophy which is behind the activity of America was an ever-growing and an ever-developing concept to which nothing could ever happen!

Three events occurred in the history of man which had a tendency to accentuate this idea of progress. One, of course, was the discovery of a new continent. That opened up the sensitiveness of the pioneer quality of human life, and we thought there were *frontiers* left in the world. Copernicus and Galileo opened up a new universe in science. This, together with the tremendous and remarkable increase of scientific achievement itself, in every area of life, through the microscope, has given us an enlarged universe and necessarily a larger God, and the telescope has given us a larger cosmos and necessarily a larger God.

So in the face of these factors which have been presented to us in the challenge of our fears—for it's a frightened world today—and in spite of the rapidity by which man can confer information, whisper and be heard around the world, press a button and light a continent, build a dam to turn the machinery of half a nation; in spite of his mastery of sky and sea; in spite of the fact that he can build his

high buildings, until they seem to part the stars; in spite of his economic theories and his industrial programs and his mechanistic capacity to create bigness, we're *frightened* that bigness is not greatness—and it isn't! And we're frightened because *now* we feel that in the hands of science, depending upon a decision that may be made by little minds, we can all fall through space forever as particles of vanishing dust!

On Monday of this week the nation will be alerted. A nation with its science, its economics; a nation with its universities, its colleges, its churches, its cathedrals; a nation that has accomplished what this nation has, in the production of great leadership of the past—statesmanship, intellectual comprehension of the problems of civilization—that nation has sunk to the low ebb where it *laughs* at intelligence and *scoffs* at trained minds, and creates a word called "egg-head," an epithet against intellectual leadership in the solution of our problems! And little men, with selfish ambitions and little minds, are in positions of great responsibility and great power, and in spite of our mechanical, scientific, industrial genius we're going to *crawl into the earth* on Monday and *bury ourselves in the caves and in the dark!* Afraid!

What *is* the score? We had better be asking ourselves that—each one of us, *carefully!* Are we going to become a part of mass hysteria in which our prejudices and hatreds become so highly solidified that we lose our intelligence and the capacity to reason? Have we come to the place where we are to be but puppets in the hands of the clever protagonists of hate? What *is* the score—in our religion, in our church, in our nation? We had better be finding out! I walked down Michigan Avenue yesterday afternoon doing some late-hour errands and I paused for a moment at Randolph and Michigan and looked at that great skeleton of steel, that new great Prudential Life Insurance Building, climbing its way toward the clouds, changing the skyline and inevitably influencing the character of three and a half millions of people. And as I stood and looked at that building, I thought to myself: "Oh, the skill, the brains, the architect, the genius that can do that—can build this, one of the mightiest of all the buildings ever built by man! And then I pick up my Chicago paper and I read the stories of the colossal tragedies and failures and heartaches and agonies of my fellow citizens! The graft, the greed, the tragedy on one corner; the majesty and the might and the intellectual capacity of man, his constructive, creative character on the other side! Poor frightened little man—frightened, scared to death!

It is easier to build a skyscraper than it is to build character! It is easier to create a war than it is to create peace—*much easier!* You can fan and flame the imaginations of men into hysteria any time you want to! Wars are easy things to make! Against the background and prejudices and hates, lies and rumors, we can build wars—successful, fine, big wars!

I wish we would find another name for war. We need another name for it. Ancient war consisted of people defending their borders; ancient war was military groups meeting in certain areas—military war of the past is one thing—we must find another name for the present scene! There is something else now—we can't call it war! That name belongs to history! We must find a new name for it now! *Easier* to make war than to build peace! Two World

(*Continued on page* 17)

The Liberalist

FREEDOM—FELLOWSHIP—CHARACTER

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EDITORIAL

A MAN named William J. Reilly wrote a little book called "How To Avoid Work!" What Mr. Reilly had in mind was how to avoid work by finding and doing the kind of work one loves and which therefore is not really work at all, but a great joy. Under the title on the cover of the book are these lines: "If your job bores you—if it's work not fun—it's hurting you. Get out of it! Here's a book that shows you:

1. How to move into a job you enjoy.
2. How to get the money you want with the greatest possible ease.
3. How to control your future from now on—with pleasure!"

Mr. Reilly sees accountants who wish they were teachers or explorers, and salesmen who wish they were cabinet makers. He talked with the son of a lawyer who was grimly studying law. "Oh, I'll plow through these courses somehow," he said. Deep in his heart he wanted to be a geologist, but he felt he couldn't disappoint his Dad. Reilly contends that when a person is in a job he doesn't like he reacts by being moody and nervous, becomes tired easily and is a victim of insomnia and indigestion. He continues to feel frustrated, becomes rebellious, figuratively kicks at people and grows sour on the world. "Forcing yourself to work at a job you dislike is like wearing a lead vest to run a race."

No matter who you are, he claims, or what you've been doing, or how old you are, you can change to a job environment more agreeable to your nature. There is no such thing as a one-and-only career for anyone. It is only when you get caught in a job that is wholly alien to your nature that you develop ulcers and a nervous breakdown. Life really begins when you discover you can do anything you want.

Mr. Reilly claims that "Actually there is only one way in this world to achieve true happiness, and that is to express yourself with all your skill and enthusiasm in a career that appeals to you more than any other. In such a career you feel a sense of purpose, a sense of achievement. You feel you are making a contribution. It is not work. To my mind the world would be a much pleasanter and more civilized place to live in, if everyone resolved to pursue whatever is closest to his heart's desire. We would be more creative and our productivity would be vastly increased."

Here is a good book for young or old to read—and especially the young!

DR. BRADLEY RETURNS FROM EUROPE

★ ★ ★

OPENING SUNDAY

THE PEOPLES CHURCH

941 Lawrence at Sheridan

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 19, 11:00 A. M.

Dr. Bradley's September subjects:

Sept. 19—"THE NEXT LIGHT'S NANTUCKET!"
Sept. 26—"LIFE IS LIKE A SHIP."

This will be a joyous Opening Sunday. Come early and let us have every seat filled when Dr. Bradley walks into the pulpit.

Free parking back of the church, courtesy Kemper Insurance Company.

THE CHURCH SCHOOL OF RELIGIOUS EDUCATION

9:30 A.M.

Mrs. Carl Swanson, Superintendent
Ronald Walrath, Director Religious Education
Kindergarten maintained during church service.

Annual Bazaar of the Peoples Church

November 11th and 12th

ONLY SEVEN WEEKS AND THREE DAYS TO PREPARE FOR THE ANNUAL BAZAAR

It is time to do something about it! What have you done, individually?

Have you made a contribution of time, of money, of talent? Have you solicited your neighborhood stores for a contribution? Have you checked with the President of your particular organization in the church for suggestions?

Don't wait till the last minute! Plan ahead for a great financial success for our 43rd ANNUAL BAZAAR! Everything salable is acceptable: Kitchenware—Food—Canned Goods—Candy—Linens—Women's Accessories—Men's Accessories—Books—Cameras—Toys—Radios—TV Sets—Quilts—Rugs—White Elephants.

Bring your gifts to the Church Office. If it is too heavy to bring, telephone LOngbeach 1-6878. For further information 'phone the General Chairman of the Bazaar, Mrs. Harry D. Stone, RAvenswood 8-7912.

BOOK CHATS

WHETHER you have had your vacation or whether you haven't, you will enjoy a sort of vacation by reading *Forty Plus and Fancy Free* by Emily Kimbrough—that is, if you can get it at the Library. Some friends have even had difficulty buying a copy. It just doesn't seem to stay on the bookshelves anywhere, it's in such demand. Entertaining it is, from cover to cover. The Library copy contains this little comment on the fly-leaf: "Her 'heart still young and gay,' the author recounts her three weeks' whirlwind tour of Italy, Paris and Coronation London, in the company of three equally bright, lively and often giddy matrons."

Emily Kimbrough wrote (with Cornelia Otis Skinner) *Our Hearts Were Young and Gay*. In addition she has written *We Followed Our Hearts to Hollywood, How Dear to My Heart, It Gives Me Great Pleasure . . . , The Innocents From Indiana, Through Charley's Door* and the present book. The fascinating illustrations are by Mircea Vasiliu. Harpers are the publishers.

This is the kind of book one might read on a summer evening, to entertain a roomful of people who enjoy being read to. There would be many ripples of laughter and the evening would be enjoyable. If you enjoy a chuckle now and then all by yourself, you will like the book. A friend of mine read it going back and forth to and from work, much to the envy of fellow passengers.

The author came upon a shop just off St. Mark's Square in Venice, where an Olivetti portable typewriter was displayed in the window. Having heard at home how light these typewriters were to carry and how easy to handle, she decided to purchase one. She was greeted by a beautiful young woman, so beautiful in fact that Emily Kimbrough began visualizing this young woman in New York, where she felt sure she would have been modeling the most expensive clothes and her photograph would have appeared in all the leading fashion magazines.

Emily quickly decided to purchase the typewriter, but seeing the dismay on the face of the saleswoman, asked if some special permit were required. The saleslady answered in the negative but said she must speak to the owner, to secure permission for a little adjustment in price to be made. Finally Emily promised to come back the next day. A sister of the saleslady came in from the rear of the shop with a baby in her arms and a bit of conversation followed in which Emily learned much about the baby's eating and sleeping habits. All three saw Emily to the door, the mother propelling the baby's arm in a good-by wave.

Late the next afternoon Emily again went to the typewriter shop, ready to make the purchase. After greetings all around, she was informed the proprietor had decided to make a reduction in price for her especial benefit of $2. She expressed her gratitude and said she would take the typewriter along. But her friends of the shop were appalled, and said surely she could come back the following day; because now they could assure the proprietor of her definite interest in the machine and something more undoubtedly could be ac-

complished. Emily said she was leaving on the following day and could give only one more visit to this transaction. They were downcast at this news and regretted that she had allotted so brief a time to this undertaking, but promised to achieve as much as was possible with only another twenty-four hours in which to work.

When she arrived at the typewriter shop the next day, she found waiting there the two sisters, the baby, the baby's grandmother and her son, the younger brother of the two girls. They were introduced and shook hands all around. "... Mama and Luigi had come to offer me felicitations on the purchase of the beautiful little machine and congratulations on the news I was about to receive. My saleslady paused dramatically. Everyone watched me, their eyes shining.

"A further adjustment had been made, she announced, and smiled modestly at such an achievement. Because of the friendship Italy felt for America and pride that an Italian machine was going to be taken to New York, from the price for which this machine was always sold, five dollars was to be removed. She flung out her arm and opened her hand wide. It was beautiful, as if we all saw five dollars floating through the open door. No one could speak for a moment, then Mama gave a deep sigh—'Aaaah', she said."

Emily answered with "Grazie, grazie, grazie," and they shook hands all around, the baby's hand being put by his mother into Emily's. If Emily hoped to get away then, she was mistaken. Another typewriter had to be brought out, taken from its case, and she must try it to see that all was well. Then what she wrote in trying out the typewriter, "Now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of their party," had to be autographed by her to be kept by Mama as a memento from an American writer. Could Emily leave then? Hardly, for it had started to rain, so the son got an umbrella and escorted her back to her hotel.

Throughout the book, one really is a member of the party, enjoying the atmosphere of all they do and see, in a very delightful manner.

In Chapter 8, the hazard of traffic at a quarter to five in the evening amazed me. Also the description of the action of the traffic police.

As a kind of an addendum to the book there is a list of the restaurants visited on this European trip taken in 1953, in Paris, Venice, Milan, Lake Como, Rome, Narni, Perugia, Assisi, Florence, Siena and London, with a description of each restaurant and the food.

The four women friends who took this trip together attended the coronation—that is, they were in the stands, watching the coronation procession to the Abbey and heard the coronation over the loudspeaker as did we in America. However, the author adds,

"But when the moment of crowning came I saw and heard something that was not recorded on the air, but is recorded in my memory for all the rest of my life.

"Our announcer said, 'The Archbishop of Canterbury is holding the Crown above her head. He is lowering the Crown. He places it. Elizabeth is a Queen.'

"And simultaneously, without a word, but with a sound like a breeze through a field of corn, every person in every stand as far as my eye could stretch around Parliament Square, rose to his feet. I have been in an audience when a distinguished person has entered, and I have seen a little group of people rise to pay homage, and then

another group, taking that as cue, follow, until the whole group has stood. But I have never before seen a spontaneous rising of thousands of people as I saw that day. Nor do I know why I rose. But I think I would have done it had I been alone. And that is what happened to all of us.

"We stood in silence, and after the rush of sound as we got to our feet, it was very still. So that when they came, we heard them very clear: the Royal Artillery guns across the river first, then far off the 62-gun salute from the Tower of London to the new Queen.

"And standing there, I remembered the words of Princess Marie Louise, daughter of Alexandra and Edward, sister of George V, aunt of George VI, and great-aunt of Queen Elizabeth; Princess Marie Louise, who was seeing at that moment her fourth Coronation. This is what she had said to me:

" 'Tell them,' she had said, 'that of course there is pageantry and there is pomp and splendor and rich trappings. But all those things make up only a frame, and in the center of that frame is one individual, who is given in turn symbols of the obligations of a monarch: the Orb, the Scepter, the Armils and so on. The monarch only touches each of these. They are not possessed by that individual. They are only recognized as responsibility to be assumed. And when each one of these has been recognized it is returned to the place from which it came, and that is the altar. When this has been done the sovereign, all trappings removed, dressed only in a white, homespun shift, advances alone. I venture to say that in all the world at that instant, our sovereign is its humblest inhabitant. He goes to the altar, having delivered up to it all the symbols of authority or power, and at the end offers himself to a lifetime,' and she turned to me, 'not a term of office, mark you, but a lifetime, of devotion, obedience and service.

" 'We're a funny little island, Miss Kimbrough, but those are the things we live by. Will you tell them this, in America, for me?'

"Yes, Ma'am," I'd said, "I will."

* * *

Fleming H. Revell Company has recently published a very different type of book: *Mothers of America,* by Elisabeth Logan Davis, with an introduction by Allan Nevins—noted American historian, distinguished author, and Professor of American History at Columbia Uiversity. Mr. Nevins says: "We need more books like this one, tender, honest, and careful; and especially do we need such research as Mrs. Davis has put into her work."

The book is a series of biographies, compiled as the result of years spent in research—and scores of personal interviews. Each biography tells the true story of the mother of a distinguished American; they are the mothers of Presidents, writers, educators, inventors, merchants, labor leaders, missionaries, physicians and clergymen.

When you read this list of mothers, you will recognize in the last names, some of the famous Americans they have mothered: Roxana Foote Beecher, Harriet Porter Beecher, Jane Lampton Clemens, Mary James, Mary Horton Stuart, Susan Wright, Otelia Compton, Mary Paxton Penney, Louise Abigail Mayo, Pearle Gillis, Toy Len Goon, Elizabeth Craig McBride, Mary Martin Sloop, Olive Agnes Bunche, Lucy Ann Johnson, Anna Stoker Reuther, Harriet Derr Laubach, Ida Stover Eisenhower, Anna Mathilda Whistler.

The first of these mothers you will recognize as the mother of both Harriet Beecher Stowe, of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" fame, and of Henry Ward

Beecher, for Roxanna Foote Beecher was the wife of Dr. Lyman Beecher, the triumphant preacher, of New Haven, Connecticut.

These stories are human and delightfully interesting, as witness a page concerning the Dr. Lyman Beecher family:

"Even though the Beecher family is a patriarchal family, Lyman Beecher never minimizes the role of the mother. He does all he can to save her work. She is the queen, but he is the one who wields the scepter. He has a way of summoning the clan to work, but it must be cheerful work done together. As the days grow shorter in the fall, and the fire burns longer in the great fireplace in the living-room-kitchen, he plans entertainment as he marshals them like soldiers. 'I'll tell you what will make the evening go off,' he says uproariously as Roxana, with Zillah and Rachel the servants, brings in the baskets of quinces and apples to be peeled for the great barrel of applesauce. (It was to be frozen and put down for the winter.) 'As we peel, we'll see who can tell the most out of Scott.' The young Beechers recite whole passages from *The Black Dwarf* or *The Bride of Lammermoor.*

"In wood-spell time, when the farmers bring wagonloads of wood for the parson, he and the boys run a race to see who can stack the fastest. In fishing and nutting season, he leads hilarious expeditions, with the whole family trailing along. (There were ten children in all, seven of them boys. The boys all became ministers.) He never gives up his companionship of his family throughout his long life, even when it has to be nurtured through letters. Sometimes her boisterous husband is like one of the boys to Mrs. Beecher. He plays pranks, too. One day when Zillah and Rachel are filling a wash tub with water, little Catherine marches through, ready for some errand. Pa Lyman, reading in a corner, sees her, and with a bound grabs her and ducks her in the tub, 'to see what she would do.' . . .

Because this human theologian is given to unpredictable behavior, Roxana Beecher never knows just what to expect next. On a Sunday morning, crossing a trout stream, the Reverend Lyman Beecher, who had recently become a D.D., saw a big trout jump. Remembering he had left his pole and tackle under the bridge, he sprang down the bank, grabbed the pole and landed the trout. He stuck it in the tail of his long coat and ran to the church. Out of breath, he mounted the high pulpit, and with his necktie all awry, he preached vehemently. The next Saturday, when his wife went to the closet to brush up his preacher's coat, she nearly fainted before she found that rainbow trout."

The author of *Mothers of America,* Elisabeth Logan Davis, in addition to her responsibilities as the wife of a minister and a mother of two, is active in youth work and teacher of a Bible class for young mothers. Although this is her first book, she has had dozens of articles published in magazines; three of her plays have been widely distributed by various religious organizations.

The author is also skilled in capturing personalities on canvas and much of the material included in this book was culled from conversations the author had with the individuals concerned while she painted their portraits.

Readers will find in this book the problems and trials as well as triumphs experienced by these distinguished home-makers. There are also intimate glimpses into the early lives of men and women who have played vital roles in the unfolding history of our nation.

What's the Score

(*Continued from page* 10)

Wars in my generation—two and a half million young men *dead!*

What's the score?—that we should win wars and can't produce the leadership, the courage and the spiritual power to create peace? What's the score? We had better be thinking about it!

Perhaps in this simple, but true story you may find an answer. Just take home with you or from your radios the beautiful simplicity of it!

Out on the prairies of South Dakota the other day, a mother was in a lonely ranch house with her little daughter. She was ironing. Finally she missed her little daughter! She searched the next hour or two in desperation, then notified the community and the sheriff! The posse came. For three days they searched. Finally one of the men said: "That child couldn't possibly have gone over a mile from this spot! She's here somewhere! Let us join hands and make a concerted, definite search, all of us, until we have covered every square foot of a mile area from this house!" They joined hands! Together they walked. Together they walked with their joined hands until, finally, in a little ravine where she had fallen and injured her head, they found the little girl—dead! One of the men picked her up in his arms and carried her to her mother and told her how they had found her. Out of the agony of a mother's heart she spoke my last sentence to you: "Oh! Why didn't you join hands *sooner?*"

America, let us join hands!

The *RADIO* MAIL BAG

By ETHEL WELLS SMALLEY

'TIS said that an open confession is good for the soul. Very well, then, I did not win in the finals of the Dale Carnegie Club International Impromptu Speech Contest. I had won in the Chapter, the District and the Division. I went to New York to the Fifth Annual Convention of the International July 1st, 2nd, 3rd and 4th. I competed first in the Area Contest there. My particular Area, the Central, had 12 competitors, six prepared and six impromptu. I was number five. Ten minutes before we were each due to speak we drew a subject from a hat. While listening to the other speakers we each prepared a three-minute impromptu on the subject drawn.

After hearing the first four speakers I felt I had a very good chance with my little talk. It was practically the same talk I had given in Chicago and in Milwaukee, but wrapped around the new subject of "The Greatest Comfort." The talk was well received and

many reached out to congratulate me on the way down from the platform. I felt pretty confident. Then the sixth and last impromptu speaker went on. Just then a friend I hadn't seen for a year and who had gone to New York hailed me from the doorway and I missed the beginning of the sixth speech. Then I listened in and discovered that she was giving a humorous talk I had heard her give in Detroit four years previously at our convention there. As a humorous talk had never before won at the finish I still felt very confident, though her talk was good and she had what is called a "poker face," which made the humor more effective. And she won the Area contest! She did not win the finals. A timid little slip of a girl from the deep South did. I was runner-up.

She gave an effective, emotional talk about her Dad being an educated man (though he had had very little schooling). He knew about nature, and his hands were horny from toil, and his little gal loved her Dad very much and we were all happy that she won the contest. Four different sets of judges acted as judges of each area contest and then another set judged the finals. May the best man or woman always win! And I'm sure she did!

It was a happy experience and lots of fun. I did my best with an inspirational talk and received more compliments on it than on any talk I ever gave; also had an inquiry by a perfect stranger two days later as to the source of my two closing lines, which were a quote. I feel the talk was helpful to someone; that I did my best for my chapter. Perhaps the little gal from the South needed just that boost she received from winning the finals, and I'm very happy for her. Our Chapter won last year, so it can wait for another Convention to win again.

The trip to Europe I was expecting to take did not materialize owing to some property complications of the tour leader which could not be ironed out in sufficient time to undertake the trip. My good friend and yours probably, if you are a member of the Church, Mrs. Helen Blessing Eddins, drove to Albany, N.Y., to meet me and we toured New England on the way home. I had flown to the Convention at New York City. The Convention over (and it was the finest yet held in the International), I took a boat up the Hudson River to Poughkeepsie, visited Hyde Park, with its Library Museum in which are displayed all the interesting, valuable and sometimes quaint gifts presented to Franklin D. Roosevelt during his term of office as President; went to the grave, which is surrounded with a beautiful century-old cypress hedge much higher than my head, and then went through the home of the parents of the President. I was impressed by its simplicity of elegance, rather than any display whatever. There was an atmosphere of kindly hospitality about the entire estate, with its ample lawn chairs placed at strategic points for people to rest and enjoy the beauty of the parklike landscape, the majestic old trees and the sweet summer air. Near me as I took a short relaxing rest amidst the beautiful surroundings was a group of some seven or eight Spanish speaking people.

As I went through the Library Museum I was greatly impressed with the thought of the widespread influence of a personality who had attracted so much affection from such a wide variety of people—the high and the low—the important and the unimportant. There are fabulous gifts made of gold, of ivory, of exquisite materials. There are also simple little gifts which re-

quired intricate work and infinite pains and came from very humble, affectionate individuals. Some, no doubt, wanted to curry favor, perhaps for their country or for themselves. But one feels that so very, very many just wanted to show affectionate friendship for one whom they felt was very friendly and approachable and who was very much loved by them. There is great value in such a personality, which transcends all politics and party lines. I am very grateful to have visited the Roosevelt estate.

From Hyde Park I took a bus to Albany, met Mrs. Eddins and another friend and we toured New England: the White Mountains of New Hampshire, went up one side of the Presidential Range (what a unique idea to name each mountain of this range for one of our Presidents) and down the other, went over the Green Mountains of Vermont, and through the Adirondacks of New York. I declared I felt fairly "tipsy with mountain scenery." I do hope the colored slides will be worth showing. If so, and you are interested, no doubt you will have an opportunity to see them sometime this winter.

* * *

Someone called the church office not long ago and asked for a copy of a poem Dr. Bradley had read the previous Sunday morning over the air, called "The World Is Mine." We have had some requests for this poem, but at the time it was requested it had been mislaid and I could not find it. Neither did I retain the names of those asking for it; so when I ran across it the other day I decided to publish it in the Mail Bag, together with a grateful letter from the author of it. It had originally been clipped from the Chicago Sun and was published in the house organ of an insurance company:

THE WORLD IS MINE

Today, upon a bus, I saw a lovely girl with golden hair.
I envied her, she seemed so gay, and wished I were as fair.
When suddenly she rose to leave, I saw her hobble down the aisle;
She had one leg, and wore a crutch, and as she passed—a smile.
O God, forgive me when I whine.
I have two legs. The world is mine.

And then I stopped to buy some sweets. The lad who sold them had such charm.
I talked with him—he seemed so glad—if I were late 'twould do no harm.
And as I left he said to me: "I thank you. You have been so kind.
It's nice to talk with folks like you.
You see," he said, "I'm blind."
O God, forgive me when I whine.
I have two eyes. The world is mine.

Later walking down the street, I saw a child with eyes of blue.
He stood and watched the others play; it seemed he knew not what to do.
I stopped a moment, then I said: "Why don't you join the others, dear?"
He looked ahead without a word, and then I knew—he could not hear.
O God, forgive me when I whine.
I have two ears. The world is mine.

With legs to take me where I'd go—
With eyes to see the sunset's glow—
With ears to hear what I would know—
O God, forgive me when I whine.
I'm blessed indeed. The world is mine!
—Dot Aaron.

(Clipped from the Chicago Sun)

My dear Dr. Bradley:

It was indeed a thrill this morning, while listening to your sermon on the air, to hear you read my poem, "The World Is Mine."

You seemed to give the words a deeper and fuller meaning and even though the poem is literally stamped upon my heart and mind, your interpretation gave it an added depth of feeling and understanding.

I am proud to know that you thought enough of what I thought when I wrote

"The World Is Mine" to read it to your great congregation. Thank you.

Sincerely,

Dot Aaron.

Dr. Bradley had no idea, when he read the poem, that the author was listening. And that makes one of the great joys of broadcasting; the beautiful and unexpected response that comes from out the air to the messages that go out over the ether waves.

* * *

Here follows a letter from the Director of Old-Town-Chicago Boys Clubs, referring to an address Dr. Bradley delivered at the Central National Bank to the Board of Managers:

Dear Dr. Bradley:

I think Dave expressed, in his humble way, the gratitude of everyone present for your very kind and generous donation to the Old Town Chicago Boys Club.

Your contribution of personal time, wisdom and inspiration are invaluable assets to the furtherance of our work. The ponderous amount of good that you do daily through your inspirational talks is immeasurable.

Members of the Old Town Board of Managers were inspired and enthusiastic, which, in turn, can only reflect in a better campaign on behalf of the poor kids of this Club.

Once again, thanks again, for your generosity and kindness.

Sincerely yours,

Vince Giesler, Director.

* * *

Mrs. Hilda Kruger, of Hammond, Indiana, asked for the poem "Let It Be Spring" which Dr. Bradley had read at the funeral service for her father, and added:

"My father was so proud of you and your church and sincerely told all who knew him how much good you had done him. Your inspiration kept him young at heart and in mind, never forgetting how important it is to put a little sunshine in the hearts of those less fortunate.

We want to add the poem to his scrapbook of memories.

* * *

Miss Grace Gallaher, of Danville, Illinois, sent this breezy and enthusiastic note of appreciation, together with a material offering to back up her words:

Dear Dr. Bradley:

You are without a peer! If I believed in the transmigration of souls I would say that the great Phillips Brooks' soul had been transferred to you. You are down to earth enough of the time, and on the mountain-top equally as much of the time. You certainly are an inspiration to the young, the aged, the educated and the uneducated.

In fact, "this that's writing" thinks you are without a peer when it comes to preaching, and I have heard many, many sermons, my father having been a minister, and having attended many different churches.

Enclosed a dollar in currency as my offering for the week. Thank you for being so helpful.

Yours respectfully,

(Miss) Grace Gallaher.

* * *

In the August issue Dr. Bradley in his article "Along the Way" told of his experience at Rankin, Michigan, in the Mundy Presbyterian Church. W. Winston Thomas, the minister of that church, wrote as follows:

Dear Dr. Bradley:

While the happy memories of your visit are still filling our thoughts, we want to thank you again for your kindness in coming to Michigan to speak at the 110th Anniversary of this

small church. Your visit and the challenge of your message will long be remembered.

I hope to have the pleasure of hearing you again some day.

May you have a wonderful summer in Europe.

Very sincerely,

W. Winston Thomas.

* * *

Dr. Bradley receives regularly "The Spoon River Journal," which is edited and published by Mr. B. J. Grigsby, of Chicago. In the July issue there is the following:

A Nature Story

For more than twenty years a family of wrens have occupied a wren-house hung from a bracket on a shell-bark hickory tree on the terrace at our home.

The wren-house is barely six feet above the terrace which is often filled with people but the wrens seem to love having the company of humans. This terrace is just below my bedroom window and I can hear their shrill notes when I waken in the morning.

Of course it cannot be the same pair of wrens which originally occupied this wren-house back in 1931 but it may be by succeeding generations of the same family. Each year they arrive early in the spring and with much chattering and chirping set about mating and rebuilding their nest in the wren-house, and, eventually bring forth their brood.

The female wren is familiarly known as "Jenny Wren" and she apparently dominates the family because her voice is higher and more commanding than her mate. I have never heard of a nickname for the "timid soul," Mr. Milquetoast Wren. He should have a sobriquet so I will name him Percy Wren.

This spring Jenny and Percy arrived as per schedule. At first they chirped and shrilled as usual, but then they became unhappy and scolded. We thought it was just another family argument. Then they went away. It was just like losing old friends.

My wife investigated and found the cause. Hornets had built a nest in the wren-house! Well, those hornets got large doses of DDT, fire-extinguisher and chemicals, and mosquito killer from a spray-gun until they were annihilated. However, for the first year we have no wrens on the terrace or under my bedroom window.

We hope Jenny and Percy Wren will come back next spring and we will promise them that everything will be in order.

* * *

It seems that human beings have to move because the landlord raises the rent or refuses to keep the building in proper repair. But even the little birds have their particular kinds of troubles, having to move because hornets move in with them without so much as a "with your leave?" At least, when the landlord's relatives wish to move in, the landlord asks the present incumbent to leave first; but the hornets just flew in. Poor little wrens!

* * *

Dr. Bradley is always happy to have new members of the church find a place in some of the church organizations. He was therefore glad to receive the following letter from Mr. and Mrs. Carl Storbeck:

Dear Dr. Bradley:

As new members we are so grateful to you that we have found an opportunity to join the Peoples Church of Chicago. We promised ourselves the day we were publicly received into the church that we would not miss a Sunday church service. We are proud to say we have kept that promise since November of 1953 and will keep it up. There are only two reasons for our not

being at a service: real illness or if we are out of town.

My good wife says we are now living a better life since we are going to church regularly.

We have joined the Woman's and the Men's club respectively and there have found a great deal of happiness and have met very nice new friends. We have enjoyed so much meeting some of your members who have been loyal to the church for many, many years.

We feel that if everyone could just join The Peoples Church and listen to Dr. Bradley, we might have peace on earth.

We enclose a part of our summer offering and will send more later on as we can afford it.

I hope you like this little poem which I wrote today. Of course I'm just an amateur.

God be with you till we meet again.

Have Sun in your heart
Whether it storms or it snows—
Be the sky full of clouds
Or the earth full of blows.

With Sun in your heart,
Whatever comes your way
A light will sparkle for you
On the darkest day.

Carl Storbeck.

KEEP—ON—THE—BEAM!

ALONG THE WAY

(*Continued from page* 8)

I have had so many interesting and unusual experiences this summer that I could fill the entire Liberalist, but my space is running out for this issue. I will tell you more next month and all through the winter. I am grateful to the great Protection in whose keeping we all are, that good health, strength and loving care have been with me every mile of the way. I am filled with ideas and thoughts clamoring for expression. It has been a stimulating and inspiring summer. I shall be looking for you Sunday morning, September 19th, at 11 o'clock, in the Peoples Church, at 941 Lawrence Avenue, when we shall begin our new church year together. We are planning a great homecoming service. Our fine choir and quartet will bring us some great music. I have chosen for my opening subject "The Next Light's Nantucket!" and for the second Sunday, "Life is Like a Ship." For the first two Sundays I am going to speak especially on some phases of my summer of travel, preaching, observation and study. Please plan to be present. WJJD is going to broadcast the entire service of the church each Sunday during our church year.

I am very grateful for your many inspiring letters and help during the summer. I never faced another winter of work or another year in our church with more enthusiasm, and with a deeper desire that our church will become increasingly a great source of help to more and more people. Will you co-operate in every possible way? A great amount of work has been done in our church during the summer. Our church sanctuary will be a place of beauty and inspiration on our opening Sunday. And so, looking forward to seeing you Sunday morning, September 19th, at 11 o'clock, I close "Along the Way" until the next issue. "Keep Looking Up!"

OPENING LUNCHEON, WOMAN'S CLUB—Monday, Sept. 27, Edgewater Beach Hotel
Guest Speaker: Dr. Preston Bradley. Guest Artists, "The Diplomats":
Howard Berhalter, Clifford Donnally, Lawrence Gray,
Bert Sterling — Merrill Jackson, Pianist.

THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

941 Lawrence Avenue

Sunday School—Mrs. Carl Swanson, Superintendent
Ronald Walrath, Director Religious Education..... 9:30 a.m.
The Peoples Church School of Religious Education opens Sunday, Sept. 19.

Sunday Morning Service—Opens for the 1954-1955 Season on September 19th.
Broadcast by WJJD.....11:00 to 12:00 noon

Sunday Evening Service (From November to Easter)..... 7:00 p.m.

Wednesday Evening Book Lectures (November to Easter)..... 8:00 p.m.

Woman's Club—
Meets every two weeks, beginning with the Opening Luncheon September 27th at the Edgewater Beach Hotel.

Dr. Bradley, guest speaker. Guest artists, "The Diplomats".....12:30 p.m.

Men's Club—Meets 4th Tuesday of each month from September through May.... 8:00 p.m.

Professional and Business Woman's Club—Meets 2nd Tuesday of each month,

The Uptown Players, J. Bradley-Griffin, Founder-Director, *In Memoriam*

Channing Club, 1st and 3rd Fridays, Sec., Mary McCoy, 1060 Wilson Ave. (40). UPtown 8-4567 ..... 8:00 p.m.

Choir Rehearsals, Every Thursday, Church Auditorium, during church season—New members welcomed..... 8:00 p.m.

Usher's Club—Secretary, Paul H. Raabe, UPtown 8-8620

Intermediate Girl Scout Troop No. 187, every Thursday, Anderson Hall..... 7:00 p.m.

Intermediate Girl Scout Troop No. 301, every Thursday, Anderson Hall..... 3:30 p.m.

Intermediate Girl Scout Troop No. 860, every Friday, Anderson Hall..... 3:30 p.m.

Brownie Scout Troop No. 630, every Friday, Bradley Hall..... 3:30 p.m.

DR. BRADLEY'S RADIO SCHEDULE

WJJD—Every Sunday morning during the church season.....11:00 to 12:00 noon

WJJD—Every Sunday morning during the summer—15-minute sermon..... 11:00 a.m.

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